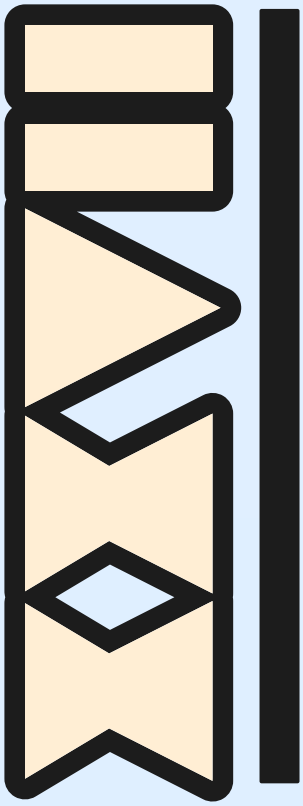


what we currently recognize as planet earth

bufu

# UNCUT FUNK

poetry in emotion. pie. ***e*** is energy. consequently, moving energy with words. from ***manic depress10n*** to ***maniacally depressin9***. ***somewhere along the spectrum*** blooming from ***be, see***. ***xamadotlive*** and ***XXXy*** as the labor of love that is **UNCUT funK**.

learning, through isolation and joyous study, how to understand and use the english language – in the united states of america, in the 21st century, ce. etymology and colloquial context. finding the bends and breaks within [our] psychology. tickling the mind with alliteration and fanciful coupling of words, ideas and concepts. essentially, dancing with the cosmos.

ah!

**poetry and samples**
**+ rhythmic unification.**

# side a: good ass job
# 1. four flat

**but what if?**
**if?**
**if if was a fifth,**
**the first four would get rich.**
**as computerized as a human can get.**

the preferred method of writing has always been to
absorb all comments and criticisms, review and
clarify them and then abstractly present them as if
they were coming to me from me, because they are, ha!
so, stop making music if it is not making any money.
you are wasting your life, on a computer.

**six would probably go from there,**
**to a dot to a line,**
**through to a square.**
**as computerized as a human can get.**
**you get the gist.**

funK it! keep creating anyway. it is what you love to do. you have greatly improved and are beginning to situate yourself within the community of artists who continuously inspire, and encourage, you: bendrick and lupe. embrace your generation. embrace technology and dance with the world in which you exist in.

**the first four would get rich.**
**six would probably go from there,**
**to a dot to a line,**
**through to a square.**
**unaware of a cube being the glitch.**
**as computerized as a human can get.**
**you get the gist.**

o’shea jackson has been the most influential artist, of any genre. a truly remarkable human. a creative supercomputer. thank you ice cube.

**time is over interview – dick gregory**

**wannabe – spice girls**
**nobody does it better – nate dogg**
**i got 5 on it – luniz**
**sweet dreams - eurhythmics**

## 2. soft for the internet

**and now for sound,**
**found drowned and looped in time.**
***nevermind* the losers.**
**love is lime,**
**lose your mind.**
**never know who you'll find,**
**during the revolution.**

**a lap around the sun.**
**evolution of the path,**
**for the sound tracks to run.**
**let the music corral the races,**
**'round the one,**
**and create spaces for the ageless,**
***e* to jump.**

kurt cobain's lyricism is as pure as it gets. am (certainly) unable to completely understand his messaging, but the energy moves through every single word. then, the cover artwork for nirvana's second studio album ***nevermind***. talk about a picture being able to say a thousand words. and that's where the

love is. an afro-american male being able to receive energy from a person from a (seemingly) different world. this is the beauty of what we do. it's a privilege, for sure. thank you to all of the engineers and business people whose collaborations make all of these connections possible.

**deploy.**
**created nor destroyed.**
**avoid the noise,**
**constantly d'void of funK.**
**these boys getting debunked,**
**tryna understand these funKs.**

energy. george clinton and parliament funkadelic are the basis for my favorite hip-hop artists, like ice cube mentioned above. ***funkentelechy vs. the placebo syndrome*** is my favorite album. forty-four minutes of intellectual movement. beautifully rhythmic chaos. witty wordplay and catchy chants. everything blending flawlessly, to pull joy from the most melancholic of moods.

**words wrapped around my fingers,**
**tips tickling twine.**
**laying on the floor,**
**on my side,**
**whistling time.**
**rewind,**
**im dripping in wine.**

**[explicative] is deaf.**
**they lying.**
**[explicative] is blind.**
**these [explicative] is so stupid.**
**these [explicative] is not mine.**
**[explicative] rooting for judas.**
**these [explicative] missing the signs.**

energy, again. certain music can inject feelings of despair. of contempt. of disdain, for yourself. this is best encapsulated by the thread of **time is on my side**, a song popularized by the rolling stones, in the movie **fallen**. the spirit of the antagonist goes from person to person, revealing itself through the singing of (such an ironically) beautiful song. the nature of energy.

# POETRY

**me:**
**a tale of hell,**
**and a well-spoken underachiever.**
**overeasy,**
**bodhisattva, shaman, shiva.**
**bhagavadgita.**
**maggie, bart and lisa.**
**a tinkerer.**
**habitual creature.**

**a bloody creeper.**
**critical thinker,**
**who in-sync with all the ether.**
**sowed so much love,**
**now im the reaper.**
**read ‘em and weap.**
**[explicative] this is sativa.**
**chief xyama.**
**a tribe of divas.**

**who all me.**
**personality swap for features.**
**more aaliyah than a leader.**
**elitist leaning on my own understanding.**
**please,**
**can you leave a [explicative] be.**
**ten years is a planetary week.**
**we tweak religiously.**
**frequency is the key.**

energy, again, again. ha! discovering more interpretations of humanity, via different cultures and mediums. artists of religious schools, television programmers, musicians. we are all expressing and projecting the ***is***. the greatest feeling is alignment with the cosmos – or simply, joy. may you find peace along your path to joy. safe travels to and from. and beyond.

**[we] told eve an atom splits,**
**she shouldn't speak.**
**and left her seated,**
**at that [explicative] tree.**
**[we] aint no p.**
**if anything,**
**[we] a g.**

as much as it is an art, there's also a science to it. would you like to create a vehicle for destruction, or for creation? christopher nolan's **oppenheimer** humanizes the journey of discovery.

some people are held captive by their imagination, and vision. we all are. either way, you can keep the genius in you connected to the cosmos. trust [us] as best you can. may you find a home in peace, as you safely travel through and beyond.

**dude, where's my car? - film**

**dumb (live) – nirvana**
**stone free + all along the watchtower**
**+ purple haze – jimi hendrix experience**
**f.u.n.k. + they say im different – betty davis**

# 3. live crew

**it’s god-damned science.**

**it take a real man,**
**or a real fan to see.**
**to not give a fuck about manhood.**
**[we] know [we] damn good at the fantasies.**
**every collision expanding me.**
**exactly how we planned it.**
**how she planned it.**
**planet z.**
**planet z.**
**planet.**

continuing the oppenheimer humanization – a person is the creation. here we are, at generation z. what's next? what is this new beginning? what is the result of this series of collisions?

**when she imagines me,**
**she [explicative.]**
**she imagines you,**
**coming up with something,**
**further drumming up,**
**that you drunken,**
**with your hatred for your woman.**

**personalities that she summon,**
**multiplied by her daddy,**
**and how she running,**
**from him,**
**and somebody else touching her,**
**[explicative] her,**
**disrupting her,**
**nothing.**

reality. this obsession with art (ourself) had adverse effects on the people connected to this existence. wording is everything. humans were drained of their energy, so that there was enough for me to continue this pursuit of artistic nirvana. it was essentially a drunkenness. fully emersed in a world of chaos, unable, and unwilling, to free the wonderful women who chose to interact with me from the dizzying cycles of creation. especially since their idea of creation was usually reproducing another human being. what a humbling energy.

**black owl green.**
**here ‘cause they robbed y’all jewels.**
**watch me call their bluff,**
**like [explicative] ra’s al ghul.**
**w a blacked out screen,**
**and a mapped out king.**
**trying not to stop y’all pull.**

**now,**
**for a limited time:**
**a commemorative medal.**
**for committing the crimes,**
**forgetting your lines,**
**forgiving your demons.**
**for continuing time.**
**your religious obsessions.**
**resenting your moms,**
**ignoring your father,**
**predicting the times.**

reality, again. this is the life for me. an artist. a mass of energy, determined to create the perfect project. with discipline and patience. an artwork of planetary significance. all alone on this world of [our] creation. of our energy. of our substance - unaltered by the market. or by opinion. or by self-pity and relational bondage. a direct view of marriage. of parenthood. of societal norms. to choose art over people. to choose energy over matter. to choose to be me.

**im the rhymes,**
**rhythms and chimes.**
**chip in and grind.**
**your fragment,**
**in your figment,**
**of your pigmented mind.**
**our division's divine.**
**the precision of thine.**

**the precipitous climb.**
**the tremendous decline.**
**my simplest rhymes.**
**that [explicative] kendrick wasn't lying.**
**im configuring mines.**
**the ignorance is fine.**

reality, again, again. an afro-american. a descendant of the first people on this planet. a person of the energy of the sun. day and night. experience it all. it is no one's responsibility to be aware of this journey. or to care about it. perhaps, it is better that people are not around for this part of the experience. ignorance can be as blissful as love.

**im figuring time.**
**i figured in time,**
**when i would fidget in line,**
**living in cate.**
**nick was there too.**

was never alone. reminiscing on college, and the decision to drop-out. my high, middle and elementary school classmate, nicholas, walked me all the way to the launch pad. the peace is in remembering the previous steps along the path. most importantly, that this life was given to me because [we] asked for it. thank you, brother.

**where to?**
**im a digit ripping in time.**
**rigging the bomb,**
**ticking the time.**
**dripping in wine,**
**im christened,**
**rewind.**
**we wine,**
**rewind.**

**why would [we] try,**
**and pretend to be god,**
**or god's son,**
**when a [explicative] can shine.**
**when the people who blind,**
**learn to trip in their mind.**
**it's not about tricking your mind.**
**it's more about tilting the axes,**
**and tripping alarms.**
**omni.**

creation. destruction. religion. all that humanity added and subtracted has led us to this computerized world. we are able to travel space and time, while sitting still. slightly moving our fingers and eyes. boundless energy being stored inside of little boxes

of circuits and wiring. we recreated ourselves. we are where the egyptian, or kemetic, people were. we are as lucid as can be. the omniverse. all that there is, was and will ever be flowing through our persons. this era is pretty cool.

**how high - film**

**tired of being alone – al green**

# 4. everwandering

**there are zero ways in hell,**
**[we'll] wait for your praise,**
**'cause it aint the same scale,**
**they use for the grades.**
**look,**
**for the grave.**

**hell's the helpless feeling you get,**
**when you cant help yourself.**
**help yourself, [explicative.]**
**the helpless feeling is a healthy fail.**

do it. whatever it is that you feel passionate about. whatever gives you the energy to keep on living. to commit social suicide in order to achieve an unperceivable goal. to denounce all titles. to sever all relationships and ties. in order to be. the hell that is being the underachiever. the loser.

the person who had all of the talent but did not cash it in for the good life. it can be a pretty terrible feeling – to internalize people's disappointment and disgust at what you have become. though, somehow on the journey of becoming your art, it is the healthiest path. it is the truest path. fail. it is not that bad of an experience. go through it.

**put a dub in the blunt,**
**‘cause [we] don’t like them skinny.**
**mafia like...**
**might offer ya some remy.**
**a playboy from the bay,**
**boy.**
**a sav lav,**
**ya hear me?**
**mac dre shit.**

andre hicks. the artist who most embodies my natural spirit and energy. his song **cal bear** changed my life. the rhyming. the charisma. they say imitation is the highest form of flattery. [we] wanted to do everything like you. yes, that includes inhaling large amounts of marijuana, ha! though, [we] no longer participate, it would be disingenuous to deny weed's contribution to the calming of the energy, that for so long fueled the chaos that was life, for me. so, for as long as [we] are alive, so are you.  thank you, mac dre.

**aye,**
**lemme say this:**
**[we] donated my life to research,**
**for research purposes.**
**the future'll be the rebirth of me.**

**look,**
**[we] giving out t shirts,**
**for free.**

**look,**
**[we] giving out t shirts,**
**to free.**

**[explicative] wanna talk to me,**
**about [explicative] free.**
**if you even using the term free,**
**you cant be.**

**look,**
**[we] don't know [explicative,]**
**but [we] do know,**
**[we] do know that.**

a t shirt. something that goes over a person's head,
ha! no t shirt being as poetic as: ***free your mind and your ass will follow***. george clinton, man. free is
the shedding of the need of being free. pure poetry.
the creator of **UNCUT funK**.

**look,**
**[we] don’t fool with pro black,**
**but [explicative] white people,**
**who think this [explicative] not weird.**
**knowing that every [explicative] life,**
**not lived in poverty,**
**is property of properties.**

**monopoly is real.**
**monopoly is drilled in your skull.**
**[explicative] your skill.**
**monogamy feels wrong.**

art. sure, [we] are apart of a diaspora of people. of course, no one is a completely isolated being. whether it be geographical or biological. still, artist is my identifier. this does not always bode well for my standing within my (american) communities. fortunately, [we] have been able to find common employment to support this journey. but women...

**a california bear.**
**all up in your ear,**
**while [we] playing,**
**with your hair.**
**[explicative] [we] a player.**
**mac dre shit.**

t shirts, again. the women of my life, smoothly might [we] add, let me know that [we were] merely an option to them, ha! this was vindicating, yet alarming. my patriarchal mind assumed that my actions were impacting women in a specific way.

surely these people wanted to reproduce with me... they assured me that if they wanted to, they simply would have done it, ha! gotta love the cosmos and our beautiful flow of energy.

**clint eastwood - gorillaz**
**cal bear – mac dre**

# side b: detox

a look at poetry in the digital form. through text messaging and emailing. or social media posting. there is nothing new under the sun and the moon of me and you.

**odb at the 40th annual grammy awards (1998)**

**needed me – rihanna**
**babylon + child's play – sza**
**cant c me – 2pac**
**p-funk – parliament funkadelic**
**mothership connection – earth tour**
**nobody does it better – nate dogg**
**i got 5 on it – luniz**
**cadillacs, skirts and vogues – little bruce**
**sweet dreams – eurythmics**
**i look good + do ya dance – kool john**
**bumpin', bumpin' – kreayshawn**
**swing down, sweet chariot – earth tour**

the disc titles are from the two mythical, unrealized hip-hop albums: ***good ass job*** by kanye west and ***detox*** by andre young.

***good ass job*** discusses the lifestyles of my peer group - of college graduates and intelligent slackers. we were able to show enough in interviews to get pretty decent jobs. career-worthy jobs for people with families. for me, the backdrop was always art. still, never did employment feel beneath an artist. am grateful to have accumulated these experiences, and fostered relationships, with such amazing people. hopefully, the sensitive nerds out there accept this album as a tale of our existence in the early 21st century, ce. ha!

the song titles for ***side a*** are basically a layout of
the path, when listened to forward or backward:

1. **four flat**, an isolation play called in basketball.
2. **soft for the internet**, a play off of mac dre's
hit song, **too hard for the radio**.
3. **live crew**, uncle luke and the 2 live crew ensured
artists can be ***as nasty as [we] wanna be***, ha!
4. **everwandering**, a cam model who helped me cope
with sensual loneliness, ha! seriously though,
thank you to all adult film participants and
adult cam models. [we] appreciate what you do.
essentially, the same thing as us.

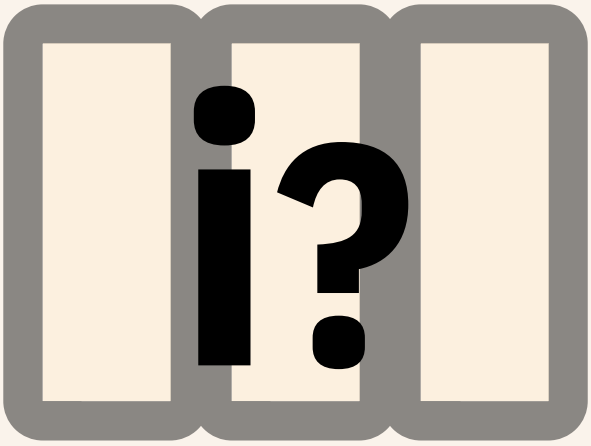
somewhere along the journey it stopped being about me. it became what it wanted to be. [we are] simply the pilot for the spacecraft, ha!

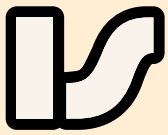
# UNIFICATION

***detox*** is a simplification of the process. a perspective found outside of the capitalist mind-frame. an examination of interactions, with a purer approach. with much more child-like honesty and directness. an energy of light, yet powerful, love. of art. of women. of the cosmos.

the song titles for ***side b*** are also a layout of
a path, when listened to backward or forward:

1. **en orbit**, human attraction.
2. **gravity**, things that may depress a person.
3. **en rhythm**, being able to allow yourself to be aligned with the cosmos.





**philosophical themes**
**+ fun.**

**the twenty-seven club**. a group of artists who tragically passed at the age of twenty-seven. specifically, kurt, jimi, janis and jean-michel. on the surface, there are definitely similarities in the way these people shared their lives with the world. how they were conduits for the various energies surrounding their existences. their art was recognized by many to be unique, and even refreshing.

though we may link them, they are planets of their own mass. andre hicks could easily fit into this grouping of amazing artists. malcolm mccormick, also. loving and caring artists who exemplify what we are somehow allowed to do, in the brightest and most memorable displays of energy imaginable.

so, funK it! have fun, in their honor. you don't have to (consciously) allow the creation process to be dampened with doubt. you are the cosmos, personified. concentrated. you are allowed to courageously, and unapologetically, act like it. remember those who pushed the boundaries of creativity. of technology. of business. of journalism. of life.

you can acknowledge the people who love artists, by being yourself. you can allow the listener and viewer an opportunity to experience the cosmos, in another form. allow energy to flow through your person, and back into the world. when given the opportunity, the energy will make its way through us all. [we] expand, with every collision.

long story short:

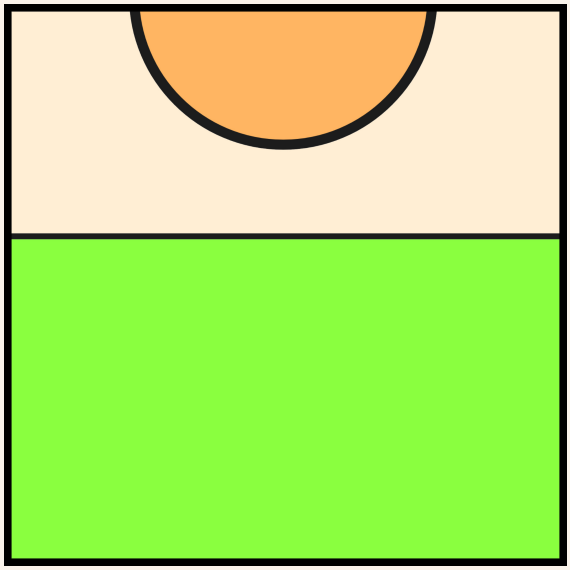
**free your mind and your ass will follow.**
**be free of the need to be free.**

see?

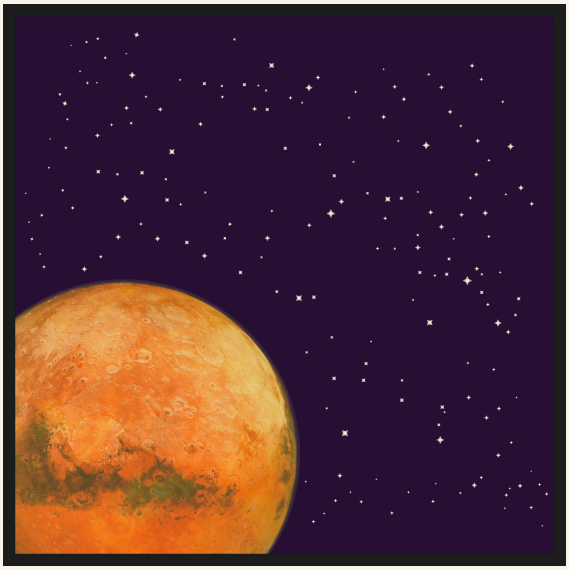
**observable location**
**+ visual aid.**

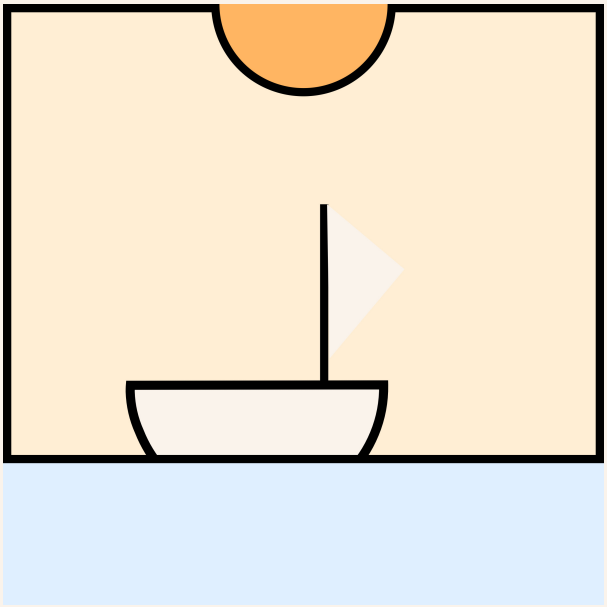
**idiw dih**

# LOCATION



# VISUALS





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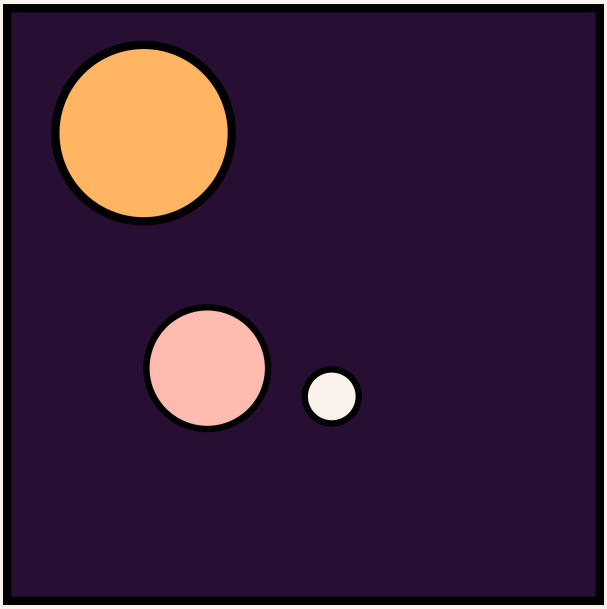
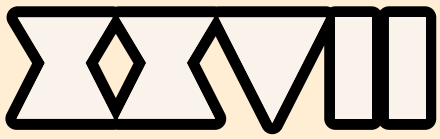


ha!



forever.

the reward was watching myself transform. evolve. there is no desire to perform these songs for audiences. it would be disingenuous. maybe, it would be cool to discuss the sampled art with others in a less performative setting. who knows?

much time was spent in public libraries, during the process. at the wichita mountains wildlife refuge. various lakes and parks. just sitting on the grass. on the earth. joyously laughing at how intricate all of these connections and layers are woven together. the cosmos. thank you carl sagan and neil degrasse tyson, also. you all make being a scientist just as honorable as being an artist.

**with the rhythm that it takes to dance to**
**what we have to live through**

**you can dance underwater**
**and not get wet, oh!**
**underwater boogie, baby!**

what makes this **UNCUT funK**? none of these ideas were delegated to any other human. every key stroke and pattern. every color and shape. all of these ideas lived within a being, as they grew into a coherent stream of existence. again, the cosmos. the ***is***.

thank you to all of the people.
and a special thanks to the computers, ha!

**my peer: lester**

**my peers:**
**zio, ob, niko, laywood + black**
**yhani, tori, stg, sarafina, nae mae, double d + danyellow**
**rick, dirty + aaron**
**taylor,  corine + alix**
**lando, dillon + cameron**

thank you.